

## The Joker Club.

### "The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A sweet scented business—the florist's.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

A sweet thing in bonnets—your best girl's face.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The most aggressive monopolist of the age is a dog in a wagon.—*Newark Call.*

Never say "thanks." It is vulgar. Say "bully for you."—*Rockland Courier.*

The slim pocket-book travels slower than the fat bank president.—*Erratic Enrigue.*

"Punch, Brothers, Punch," having been set to music, becomes a car-toon.—*The Score.*

When they brake up a passenger train, what becomes of the pieces?—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

You may borrow all the trouble you want, and never be asked to return it.—*Steuben Republican.*

Stroking a cat's back with the hand will cure rheumatism. Stroking it with a bootjack will cure insomnia.

On account of the drought everything is high this fall, even the thermometer having an upward tendency.

An additional gloom hung around this office last Monday, two English humorous papers arriving in one mail.

"Indeed, sir, I would box your ears"—(pausing reflectively)—"but where could I find a box large enough?"

A pitcher, still unbroken, has been in an Amherst family 125 years. For mercy's sake, engage him for the Boston nine!

It was said of a man with a very rubicund nose that he looked as if he might be the collector of the port.—*Boston Courier.*

We should think scarf pins would get sea sick. They are so often on the bosoms of such heavy swells.—*Cedar Rapids Stylus.*

Jay Gould will crawl into a \$350,000 hut he has just bought on 5th avenue, near Vanderbilt's hotel, for the winter.—*Portland Press.*

Sum people won't believe any thing they kant prove; the things i kant prove are the very things i beleave the most.—*Josh Billings.*

When a peddler of barometers warranted to foretell rain approaches a man with a good, lively corn he is not apt to find a patient listener.

Blest be the woman that encourages her husband's morning nap. (We do hope the intelligent compositor won't set it "nip.")—*New York News.*

When the Czar of Russia met the emperor the other day it was the former who remarked, "Kaiser, how's your dog?"—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

The charity committee did not mean exactly what they said when they announced "The smallest contributions will be most gratefully received."—*Lowell Citizen.*

A donkey is a fearless beast, and one is strongly impressed with this fact when he reads in the old books about a Jack's defying the lightning.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Why don't somebody marry Anna Dickinson?—"Chaff." Because dear "Chaff," all of the brave men of the nation are already married or mortgaged.—*Steubenville Herald.*

A sick goat at Lorain has been aptly named olozmargerine, he being such a poor butler.

Brukeman: "The train is now about to enter the state of Missouri. Gentlemen who have not provided themselves with carbines will pass forward to the locomotive and crawl into the tender.

An old man lost his balance by kicking at his wife, in Louisville, and was killed by the fall. People who kick at the political parties to which they have long been wedded should take warning.

There is more heat in ten cents' worth of yellow mustard, than there is in a dollar's worth of coal. But you must put the mustard on your bosom, not in the stove.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Can anyone inform us what is meant by those who say: "So and so's funeral was attended by our best people," or, "Our best people were present at the entertainment," etc.?—*Albany Express.*

The New York Commercial Advertiser speaks of Corry O'Lanus as the only Irish play of Shakspeare, evidently forgetting O'Tello, who was one of the Moores of Ireland.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

For sale, an elegant pair of diamond mounted opera glasses. Our reason for selling is that since the coming of the cool weather, our devil don't have to use them to hunt our morning chunk of ice with.—*Evansville Argus.*

It was of course a Boston girl who declared that under no circumstances could she be induced to marry a man whose views on the theosophic doctrines of cosmogony were in the slightest degree loose.—*Boston Star.*

Editor Walter of the London Times says he shall visit this country every year so long as he is able. This is a wise conclusion, for in no other country can he learn the art of making a newspaper at once valuable and attractive.—*Phila. News.*

"Is this my train?" asked a traveller at the Grand Central depot of a lounge. "I don't know," was the reply; "I see it's got the name of some railroad company on the side, and expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

People never before know how many lunatics there are who think they can write good poetry.—*Boston Post.* Nor how many otherwise sensible people there are who will persist in writing bad poetry and expecting newspapers to publish it.—*Phila. News.*

Meyers has a bad voice, but is all the time humming a snatch of some song. The other day he was talking to Gilkerson about himself, saying "that he would cultivate his voice." "That's right," said Gilkerson, "plant it deep."—*Puck.*

A clerk in a city house recently asked for a half-day's absence because he wanted to attend a funeral in the country. When he returned the next morning with red hands and a freckled face, his employer asked quietly, "Where are the fish?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The train-robbers have opened the fall season in Arkansas by robbing a train near Hope. As the robbers wore masks, and could not be identified, several prominent members of the legislature have come out in cards declaring their ability to prove satisfactory alibis.

An exchange prints "rules to discover spurious bank notes." But we don't want to discover bank notes of that description. It is the genuine kind we are looking for, and rules for discovering several thousands of these would be very acceptable.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I'd have you to know," said Miss Phaebe, "that I was called handsome in my young days." "But of course you never believed it, dear," remarked Cousin Sarah.

A household journal says tough beef can be made palatable by stewing gently for two hours, taking out about a half a pint of liquor when half done, and let the rest boil into the meat. A better and less troublesome plan would be to kill the cow when she is a calf.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I want to go," said a very respectable looking gentleman, accosting a stranger, "to the almshouse." "See here, stranger, ain't you got no pride? Before I'd go to the almshouse, I'd pawn that 'ere fine suit, and make a raise on them spectacles! Ain't you got no pride?"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

"I must say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle, as she looked about her in the new home of the Spunkingtons. "Now look at that great elaborately-framed mirror. I declare I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked Fogg, the villain.

They went to the menagerie—  
Old Eunice and her Ned:  
She had a pair of tight shoes on,  
Which pained her much; he said,  
When noticing her pallid face,  
"Are you with error torn?"  
Dost fear the lion?" "Nay," said she,  
"It is the Eunice-corn!"  
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Some folks are natural born comforters. X, who has a boil on his neck, met Y on the street. "Hello, got a boil, hain't ye? Bad one, too. Same thing Z died of ten years ago. Inflammation set in and choked him to death. Hope yours won't turn out so." And Y pursued his way, ready to pour oil on any troubled waters that might beset his path.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

Mrs. Bevington, "an English reformer," is trying to convince English labourers that if they will only eat brown or graham, instead of white bread, they will not need milk, eggs, or meat. If argument could settle the business the labourers in free trade England would have learned to live without eating years ago, but they are a very obstinate class.

Amelia Lewis, editor of *Food and Health*, an excellent magazine, is about to make a practical test in her own case in regard to the effects upon the human system of grape sugar and glucose, both of which she will use exclusively for sweetening for a period of three months.—*Reading Times and Despatch.* If at the end of that time she is not so sweet as she is now the fate of glucose will be sealed.

### A Lawyer's Wooing.

My head is like a little deed,  
Or abstract of the same:  
Wherein, my Bessy, thou may'st read  
Thine own long cherished name.

Against thee I my suit have brought,  
I am thy plaintiff lover,  
And for the heart that thou hast caught  
An action lies—in trover.

Alas, upon me every day  
The heaviest costs you levy:  
Oh, give me back my heart—but may I  
I feel I can't reply.

I'll love thee with my latest breath,  
Alas, I cannot you shun,  
Till the hard hand of sheriff Death  
Takes me in execution.

Say, Bessy dearest, if you will  
Accept me as a lover,  
Must true affection file a bill  
The secret to discover?

Is it my income's small amount  
That leads to hesitation?  
Refer the question of account  
To Cupid's arbitration.